

The Tragedie

But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath defied the number of the foe;

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battalian trebles that account,
Besides that a Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduers party want:
Vp with my tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound directon,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day,

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Gives signall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my Standard,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.

Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doest thou know?

Blunt. Vnles I haue mistaine his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this most needfull scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vendrtake it.

Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt*.

Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke!

Of Richard the Third

Cat. It is six of the clocke full supper

King. I will not sup to night, giue me
What is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent.

Cat. It is my Leige, and all things are

King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinels

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesby.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring him
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne *George*
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a boule of wine, giue me a water
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow
Looke that my staues be found and none
Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholy *L.*
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey*, and his
Much like Cockshut time, from troupe
Went through the army chering vp the

King. so I am satisfied, giue me a boule
I haue not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to be
Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the midst of night come
And helpe to arme me, leaue me I say.

Enter Darby to Richmond

Dar. Fortune and victory sit one thy hand
Rich. All comfort that the darke night
Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy
Who prayes continually for Richmonds